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# The *Dreamer*'s Dream.

HEY day, what's this? 'Tis very ſtrange,
I never ſaw ſo ſwift a Change.
Am I waking, Sirs, or no?
Or is it a Dream I trow?
Tho' I a Dreamer long have been,
The like in Dream I have not ſeen.
That very Mobb I chanc'd to meet,
" *The other Day in* Dame's-ſtreet,
I met to Day with waſhen Face,
Well dreſs'd, and fine with ſhining Lace.
Why what a *Revolution*'s here!
" *They who t'other Day were bare,*
" *Becauſe they had no Hats to wear;*
To Day march'd proudly through the Town,
Mounted in Coaches of their own.
But that's not all; for not a few
Of that Ragged Mobbiſh Crew,
To Day I more diſtinctly knew.
In Judgment ſat on the *R----r*,
For breaking of the *City*'s Order.
What a ſtrange Surprize is this!
The *Queen*, they ſay, takes their Advice!
'Tis very ſtrange, I ask once more,
Am I waking, are you ſure?
Are theſe the Men that black your Shoes?
What! *Privy-Councellors* cry News?
It was a Dream; or I was Mad,
Or blind by Choice; and that's as bad.

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